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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, Editor and Proprietor

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A REMARKABLE EXECUTION.

The dismal rain beat against the window of the court-house, says the New York Star, and swept in sheets across the jail-yard. Court was adjourned for the day, the clerks had gone home, and a band of officials gathered in the grand jury-room for a half hour of chat. But the flow of conversation was less free and jovial than common. Apparently the depressing aspect of things without had affected the spirits of the county magistrates. The usually smiling face of the sheriff wore a sad expression, and the jolly Surrogate gazed mournfully out upon the cheerless, muddy street. Upon the benign visage of the County Judge was a melancholy look, as if in his official capacity he had sentenced himself as a private individual to suffer the extreme penalty of the law. Tilted back in a big arm chair, the foreman of the grand jury thoughtfully cleaned his finger nails. A long silence was broken by the sheriff, who observed, as a sudden gust of wind dashed the rain noisily against the glass:

"What a day for a hanging!"

"Wretched!" replied the Surrogate, carefully turning the leaves of the Penal Code. "I wouldn't be hanged on a day like this for any consideration."

"A fellow would catch his death of cold," put in the foreman of the grand jury. "What put the subject of hanging in your head, sheriff?"

"Oh, I was just thinking of a poor fellow who expiated a murder in Iowa ten years ago on just such a day as this."

"Another of your Western yarns, eh, sheriff?" said the Surrogate, with a yawn. "Why will a man always draw a long bow when he tells what happened to him out West?"

"This is gospel truth," retorted the sheriff, quickly, "and it's nothing that happened to me, or I should not be here to tell it. Moreover, Mr. Surrogate, I never exaggerate."

"Oh, no," was the sarcastic rejoinder.

"Never mind him," said the foreman of the grand jury, "go on with your story."

The sheriff seated himself on a green covered table and began:

"Well, as I said, this happened ten years ago, 'way out in Iowa. A fellow killed his brother-in-law and was sentenced to death. The hanging was public, the gallows being erected on the open prairie a little distance behind the jail. I was sworn in as special deputy. Holy Moses, how it did rain on that day. The water came down in chunks with sufficient force to tear an umbrella to tatters in fifteen minutes."

"Sheriff, sheriff," murmured the County Judge in a tone of gentle reproach.

"Oh, it's a fact. The condemned man was carried to the place of execution in an open cart. Another deputy and I rode with him. A hanging was too rare a treat to be missed by people out there, no matter what the weather was. Shivering and wet, a large crowd stood in the coarse, saturated grass about the scaffold. We placed our man under the cross piece and fastened the rope about his neck. Everything was ready except the last prayer and letting the trap fall. The sheriff asked the prisoner if he had anything to say. 'Yes,' said the man. He made a long speech, declaring his innocence, abusing the Judge, and that kind of thing. Suddenly he stopped in the middle of a sentence. All this time, you must remember, the rain was falling in cat- aracts. Seeing the doomed man silent, the sheriff tipped a wink to the clergyman, who, being a Baptist, did not mind the rain. The Reverend gentleman began to pray. We all bent our heads, although no one was pious enough to take his hat off. Just as Brother Harbottle was winding up his petition, we heard a cry of astonishment from the crowd. I looked up, and what do you think I saw?"

"The prisoner escaping?" asked the Surrogate.

"No, sir, he was hanging two feet from the platform."

"What?" cried the sheriff's auditors, together.

"It is a fact, gentlemen. The rain had shrunk the rope enough to hang our man for us."

For a moment the silence of the room was broken only by the ticking of the clock and the rattle of the raindrops against the panes. The foreman of the jury drew a long breath and said:

"Sheriff, a man of your imagination should write unsolicited testimonials for patent medicines."

"That is certainly a remarkable story," said the County Judge, "but I know one at least equally strange."

"That's right, Judge," replied the Surrogate. "Never let it be said that any man in the county can outlie you. Let's hear your tale."

"The scene of my story is also located in the great West."

"Of course," said the Surrogate.

"You may never have heard of San Jacinto Canon, in Colorado. Its rocky walls are almost perpendicular and are 600 feet high. The canon is at no point more than an eighth of a mile wide. Through it runs a beautiful stream, the water of which is clear as crystal. The stream has its source in the canon, and runs through it for a distance of a mile and a half. Then it suddenly disappears in the earth, to break out again at a point thirty miles below. A small, lazy, dirty tribe of Indians occupies part of the country along the canon. They are as low and degraded a set as I ever saw. Have no firearms, won't be converted to christianity, and don't know good whisky from stair-rod polish. What little work is done in the tribe the women perform. Well, one day about two years ago a squaw started out to get some trout for her own and her husband's breakfast. These Indians catch trout by diving for them in the stream I have mentioned. The woman jumped into the beautiful pellucid water, down, down—"

Here the County Judge stooped.

"Well, why don't you go on?" inquired the sheriff.

"That squaw's husband waited long for his breakfast, and it came not," continued his Honor, dreamily. "At last, desperate with hunger, he had violent hands upon a ham sandwich which he had captured several days before in the wreck of a railroad train many miles away. Morning glided into afternoon, and afternoon into evening, but the squaw returned not."

"Has she got back yet?" interrogated the foreman of the grand jury.

"Because it's nearly supper time, and we can't wait for her much longer."

"Nine minutes after that woman dived for the trout she burst upon the vision of an astonished fisherman thirty miles below the point where she entered the water. She had been carried into the subterranean current of the river. When she came out she had a big trout in each hand."

The sheriff's feet came emphatically to the floor. The Surrogate said: "I've heard enough," put on his overcoat and walked out. He was followed by the foreman of the grand jury and the sheriff, who observed that the rain was abating and it was a good time to dodge home between the drops.

CROSS-EYED GIRL AT SCHOOL.—"Are the internal recti of your daughter's eyes of exactly similar strength?" asked a Boston schoolmarm of a pupil's mother. "I mean," she continued, as she saw a look of vague wonder overspreading the face of the woman, who had never heard of Concorde, "are both eyes equally hyperopic, or has she used the ciliary too much?"

The woman rose fiercely. "Hannah Jaue squints, if that's what you're driving at," she said indignantly; "but she's got sense enough to say what she means, and I won't leave her here to be made a fool of," and she donned out with her offspring, while the teacher explained to the school that equine meant a "convexity of the lens of the optic organs."

SIMPLE CURE FOR GAPS.—The easiest and best remedy for gaps in chickens is caustic lime, either air or water-slaked. It should be dry and not mind the rain. The Reverend gentleman began to pray. We all bent our heads, although no one was pious enough to take his hat off. Just as Brother Harbottle was winding up his petition, we heard a cry of astonishment from the crowd. I looked up, and what do you think I saw?"

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Cut Barbers in Chicago.

"How did the girls learn to shave men?"

"Oh, different ways. I began practicing on my brother. He hadn't any beard and the first time I shaved him he looked as though a cyclone had struck him. His face was cut in a dozen places and for a week he had to sleep on his back. After I had laid him up I practiced on my young man. I didn't lather his face and when I got through with him and when he looked in the glass he got mad and said I was a devil of a barber, any way, and he went out of the house and never came back again. I kept on practicing, though, and by the time I was able to shave without slicing a man, I had used up my father and my other brother and two cats and a straight-haired dog, besides another young man and two young fellows who used to wait on my sister Jennie."

"I don't think there are any lady barbers anywhere else in Chicago but here. The gentleman who owns this place thought it would be a great card to have them. It has worked very well and he is making dead loads of money. Nearly everybody who comes here, except regular customers, comes for the fun of getting shaved by ladies. I don't know but that it is nice," she said, while she showered the sufferer's face with sea foam and wiped it off with a piece of coffee sack.

"A great many young fellows come who have nothing but minds on their cheeks. That reminds me of a joke one of the girls perpetrated one day. A young man with tight trousers and one eye-glass came in about a week ago with a stock-yards lude. He looked around leisurely for a minute or so and then said to his friend: 'Heavily bad, John, you know, to come here, but it will be quite jolly to say you've been shaved by a girl.'"

Annie, who shaves in the next chair, is a very nice looking girl and the young swell took off his coat and stretched himself out in her chair. "I say Mary, how do you shave, you know, up or down?" Annie winked at me and then looked carefully at his face and then said: "We usually shave up, sir, but in this case I guess I'll have to shave down," and she put so much stress on the last word that the other young fellow burst out laughing and we laughed and everybody in the shop laughed and the swell in the chair looked so silly you would have thought somebody had sat down on him. I've nearly finished now. Only a little wax on your mustache and then I'm done." She took the ends of the incipient mustache between her thumb and index finger, as she spoke, twisted it around once or twice, and with a "There, five cents, please," dismissed the young man with a smile and called "Next!"—[Chicago Times.]

What One Woman Did.

There has just died in a town in Maine, a woman, aged forty-five, who in her sixteenth year was left an orphan with seven younger brothers and sisters on her hands and nothing for their maintenance. She at once took up the only thing she could do, millinery, and by taste and energy succeeded not only in supporting her brothers and sisters, but in giving them an education denied herself. One brother is a minister, one a lawyer, and another well-to-do in trade, and the sisters respectably married; and all this she achieved while working half her time in a darkened room, saturated with ether, to still the pain of an internal disease that revenged itself on an overworked body. Nor up to the last was she an hour beholden to friend or relative. Yet this is one of the women whom statisticians often rank as superfluous—not being wives or mothers—and in whose spontaneous self sacrifice the very ones for whom they toil and bear the burden are apt to see nothing very extraordinary. But where does one find the boys of a family thus immolating themselves for kith and kin?

A German has recently patented underwear manufactured from sponge. It is said to be more flexible than woolen, more easily cleaned and to absorb the perspiration without checking it. After thorough cleansing and heating, the sponges are dried and shaved into thin slices, which are sewn together to form the garments. In addition to other virtues it is claimed that this singular clothing is durable.

How many know that a horse gets up before and a cow gets up behind and the cow eats grass from her and the horse eats it from him? How many know that a surveyor's mark upon a tree never gets any higher from the ground or what tree bears fruit without blood?—[Bill Arp.]

How Tacks Are Made.

The iron is received from the rolling mills in sheets from three inches to twelve inches wide, and from three feet to nine feet in length, the thickness varying, according to the kind of work into which it is to be made, from one-eighth to one-thirty-second of an inch. These sheets are all cut in about thirty-inch pieces, and by immersion in acid cleaned of the hard outside flinty scale. They are then chopped into strips of a width corresponding to the length of the nail or tack required. Supposing the tack to be cut in an eight ounce carpet tack, the strip of iron, as chopped and ready for the machine, would be about eleven-sixteenths of an inch wide and thirty inches long. This piece is placed firmly in the feeding apparatus, and by this arrangement carried between the knives of the machine.

At each revolution of the balance wheel the knives cut off a small piece from the end of this plate. The piece cut off is pointed at one end, and square for forming the head at the other. It is then carried between two dies by the action of the knives, and these dies, coming together, form the body of the tack under the head.

Enough of the iron projects beyond the face of the dies to form the head, and while held firmly by them, a lever strikes this projecting piece into a round head. This, as we have said before, is all done during one revolution of the wheel, and the knives, as soon as the tack drops from the machine, are ready to cut off another piece.

These machines are run at the rate of about 250 revolutions per minute. The shoe nail machines, for cutting headless shoe nails, are run at about 500 revolutions per minute, and cut from three to five nails at each revolution.—[Mechanical Engineer.]

PHILOSOPHICAL DYING.—The following incidents are related of the last days of the late Prof. Johnson, of Trinity College: "He told his friends that he desired no formal or published eulogies, in any shape, over his death, and only such a quiet and modest recognition of it as would be consistent with the position he had held in the college and church. He exhibited the very opposite of fear in view of the great change; he greeted it joyfully. Being offered an anodyne to soothe his pain he replied: 'No; I prefer, in making the passage into Paradise, to go with my eyes open.' A subsequent twinge of shrewder pain led him to say, 'I don't know but it is my christian duty to ease this if possible; and he took an anodyne. As long as he retained consciousness he displayed a lively good humor and was cheerful to the last.'—[Boston Transcript.]

THE SLANDERER, HIS ACCOMPLICE AND HIS DUPE.—The first makes and utters the slander, the second repeats the slander and the third believes and acts upon it as true. The first is to be abhorred, the second despised and the third pitied and shunned. "Slander is the vilest whelp of sin! When shall the work of this foul demon be stopped? In China, it is said, the house of the slanderer is required to be painted black, that all good people can shun and avoid it. But why should anybody believe the slander? People should be incredulous and rise above the influence of the slanderer. The dupe is often injured as much as the victim himself."

HAPPINESS.—Selfishness and happiness can not flourish on the same stem. He who cares only for himself never finds what he seeks; he grows narrow, stunted and mean, and becomes at length incapable of any but the meanest enjoyment. It is as if he were surrounded by flowing streams, and, though athirst, has not the power to drink of them. It is only the man of generous impulses who can know what real happiness is; but to develop those impulses in the right direction and make them truly valuable to mankind, thoughtful intelligence and wise discretion are indispensable.

Walter Lewis, of Chicago, and Miss Rose Kennedy, of Springfield, Ill., were married in a ballroom at Cleveland and immediately ascended on a aerial wedding tour with Prof. King and a newspaper correspondent. The altitude was about 1½ miles and a safe descent was made several hours after 12 miles from Solon, O. The bride had probably vowed that she would never marry any man on the earth, like the girl who married in the Mammoth Cave, or maybe she wanted to marry a "rising young man."

Edison's Electric Light is a wonderful discovery, but not as wonderful as Italy's Catarrh Cure. For sale by Penny & McAllister.

Managing an Idol.

A story is told of how a very wise Chinese official managed to make a willful god grant his wishes. There had been no rain for a long time. The streams and the wells were drying up, the crops were dying, and the people knew that if the rain did not come soon there would be a terrible famine. They and their officers hurried to the temples to pray before the idols for rain. There was one great idol, supposed to have special power, but their petitions to him and to others were all in vain. Still the sun blazed on, pouring down upon the parched earth its fiercest rays; not a cloud, not a drop of rain. Finally a wise old official lost all patience with the gods, and exclaimed: "That great god, sitting comfortably up there in the shady, cool temple, does not know how hot it is outside!" So he ordered men to take the god to the top of a high hill and leave him there in the boiling hot sun all day. It was done, and by night the polished gilt surface was well blistered; and the officer chuckled with great glee over it, saying, "He knows how hot it is now." Strange to say, the very next day the rain came down in torrents, and all said, "What a wise officer we have! He knows how to manage the gods!"

Of late years the employment of women as clerks has greatly increased in England as well as in France; and in both countries it is generally agreed that the system works satisfactorily. At the Bank of France there are now 160 female clerks, who receive 3 francs a day to commence with, and whose annual salary after a year or two's service, rises to 1,800 francs; and at the Paris office of the Credit Foncier, where also there is a large staff of women, the remuneration beginning at 3.20 francs a day, rises in some cases to as much as 4,000 francs, or \$300 a year. In both establishments the hours of attendance are from 9 to 4 on six days of the week; and the male and female clerks sit in different rooms—the women being superintended by officials of their own sex, and thus enjoying the greatest possible degree of privacy.

A COURTEOUS RETORT.—A good story is told of the wife of an American diplomat who is fond of calling upon the celebrities in every place which she visits. Being in Florence some time ago, she expressed her intention of calling upon "Ouida," the well-known novelist. Her friends attempted to dissuade her, saying that "Ouida" had a violent prejudice against Americans. Undeterred, the female diplomatist called at the novelist's house and was met by "Ouida," who said: "I must tell you that I exceedingly dislike Americans." "I am very much surprised to hear that," was the reply, "for they are the only people who read your nasty books."—[Hour.]

The stage beard looks as much like a beard that grew there as a cow's tail would if tied to the bronze dog on the front porch. When you tie a heavy black beard on a young actor, whose whole soul would be churned up if he smoked a full fledged cigar, he looks about as savage as a bowl of mush and milk struck with a club.

For lively old boys commend us to the Green Mountain State. At Castleton not long ago Hyde Westover, aged 87 years, drove the team and Joseph Bishop, aged 81, held the plow to plow an acre of land in a day. One of the horses was 20 and the other 19 years old and the team has been driven by the same man 16 years.

The New York World says: "A tariff for revenue" is not "free trade." A demand for revenue reform is not "free-trade." Opposition to extreme protection of the Pennsylvania type is not "free-trade." Opposition to a prohibitory tariff is not "free-trade." Opposition to monopolies is not "free-trade."

It will require four cars to bring the Ecambia county, Ala., big tree to the Louisville Exposition. It is 117 feet long, and will be used as a flag pole in front of the Exposition building.

No matter how jaded the constitution may be from disease or excess, the Great German Invigorator restores it permanently. See advertisement. For sale by Penny & McAllister.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. Denton's New Discovery for Piles is a radical change from the old remedies heretofore in use. The Discovery is the result of years of patient scientific study and investigation into the character of this painful disease. To convince you of its great merit, call on Penny & McAllister, Stanford, or W. M. Watson, Mt. Vernon, and get a sample free of charge.

Dr. T. H. Rucker, of Arlington, Ind., says that Brown's Kidney-Cure is the most valuable remedy for consumption extant. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Stanford, and W. M. Watson, Mt. Vernon.

Rev. C. H. Marshall, formerly pastor of Fourth Presbyterian church, Indianapolis, says he has used Brown's Kidney-Cure for years in his family, always with good results. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Stanford, and W. M. Watson, Mt. Vernon.

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WILBUR E. SMITH, Pres't, Lexington, Ky.

The Cincinnati News Journal has a dispatch from Washington, which, if true, ought to make Logan McKee go into his hole and draw it in after him. It is to the effect that desiring to call on the president he got Phil. Thompson to go with him. At their first visit he put was off till a later hour and at last when they got permission to enter into his august presence, Mr. Arthur came forward and shook hands with Thompson, but entirely ignored McKee. But we will let the N. J. tell the story: "Mr. President," said Thompson, "let me introduce you to one of my respected constituents, Mr. Logan McKee." The president made the most of his six feet, snuffed the air and, lightly, jumped over the cuspidore before he recovered himself and finally conquered his equilibrium by locking his hands behind his back. "I refuse to take this man's hand," he said. "His face is as familiar to me as the front of the White House. Mr. Swope has not resigned. He has a right to resign. Who dares to question that right? I know this man McKee. He has been before me fifty or sixty times asking for a place and I say he has no right to ask it when Swope has not resigned. Swope is a fixed quantity and he will remain where he is." Here Mr. McKee at tempted to say that he was not an applicant for Swope's place, when the president broke out in a violent query, "What he was there for?" Phil. Thompson, seeing that there might be trouble, said, "Mr. President, we will not occupy your time any further." "Very well, sir," said the president, as he walked into an adjoining room, where Mr. Thompson says he heard unmistakable evidences that wassail and wine were the congenial companions in whose bosom Arthur sought refuge. "That was pretty bad treatment to be sure. Perhaps Mr. Arthur will find out yet that McKee is a bigger man than he supposed in viewing his stature."

The Louisville Commercial, which try it never so hard, can not throw off its old republican predilections, albeit it claims to be an independent paper, and in the present campaign is putting in its best ticks for the republican ticket. It dislikes above all things to see Col. Morrow's resolution introduced in the State Senate in 1866, in regard to negro suffrage, paraded before the public, because it knows that sensible colored people will refuse to support a man, who several years after their freedom, wished to forbid them the proud prerogative of the American citizen and by taxing them without allowing representation, keep them in even worse bondage than before. But it it does act on the Commercial like a red rag shaken in the face of a bull, we can not refrain from again presenting it to the public, and for the sake of emphasis we employ the beautiful italic:

6. Resolved, That the Congress of the United States has no power, under the second section of the thirteenth amendment to the Constitution of the United States, to pass any law granting the right of suffrage in the States to persons of African descent, and that we are opposed to granting suffrage to persons of that class by the State.

The New York Sun being charged with hating Garfield living and continuing to hate him dead, says, "We never hated him and do not hate him now. We always were sorry for Garfield; sorry that he perverted his life and his talents to such deplorable use; sorry that when he was confronted by the evidence of his Credit Mobilier corruption, he did not face the truth like a man, but instead he sought refuge in lies and perjury; sorry that his whole career was stained with such varied delinquencies; sorry that, while in him the talking faculty was so valuable, the faculty of honesty and truthfulness was so feeble and so faint. What hatred could be possible toward such a character? What hatred is possible now? It is a sad and painful history and we grieve over its wretchedness. Yet, to leave it in silence is not allowed us. When this great army of Pecksnuffs and pretenders set themselves up to falsify history and to palat off this upon the future as a hero and a saint, must not the simple fact be revived in its own vindication?"

After five weeks of balloting for Senator in New Hampshire without result, the Legislature has concluded to take a rest for a few days. In the meantime, it is to be hoped that those who have been voting for Secretary Chandler will see the error of their way and give the old cue the grand bounce. It is time the manipulators of the Hayes fraud in 1876, were relegated to oblivion.

Is less than two weeks comes the August election and the question arises, "are the democrats sufficiently organized to poll their full strength?" We are afraid that in many cases they are not, but it is still time to go to work so as to accomplish that end. It is true this is what is known as an off year and many will say our ticket will be elected any way, and consequently fail to vote, but there is a great deal more importance attaching to this election than a casual thinker would believe. The eyes of the whole people of the United States are upon us and should our hitherto big majority be reduced by apathy in the ranks, the republicans every where will hail it with delight and use it as evidence that the democratic stronghold is weakening. On the other hand the usual or an increased majority will give encouragement to our brethren in other States and cause the weak kneed to stiffen their joints. The republicans may always be depended upon to cast their fullest strength and at this time they are making unusual efforts to augment their scattered forces. Tomorrow's only show for Federal office is in increasing his party vote, for should it fall below the last figures the administration will decide at once that he is entirely too small a potato to grow much in his favor. The democracy can easily elect Proctor Knott by 50,000 as by 40,000 and if every man will waltz to the music of a manifest duty, his majority will exceed even the greater figure. We therefore call upon the committees and subcommittees of the various counties to go to work while it is called to-day and organize for the grand result.

The great telegraph operators strike continues with but little show of an early adjustment of the differences between the companies and strikers. So far enough operators have been secured outside of the brotherhood to nearly keep up with the business and the strike is in consequence, not so disastrous to business and other affairs as it might be. We believe that in the first place the operators demanded too much. They had grievances and great ones but they should have been a little more moderate and perhaps the trouble would have been averted. So far they have conducted themselves with great order and decorum and so long as they use no violence and resort to no unlawful means to secure their demands, public sentiment will be in their favor. It is the right of every American citizen to quit work when he thinks that the consideration for his services is inadequate, but when he went work himself nor allow others to do so, he goes a little further than he has the right and further than he will be sustained by the public. It seems like a compromise could early be effected, if either party showed a disposition and we trust for the sake of all concerned that it will be speedily made.

The State Central Committee urges upon the County Committees the importance of providing each voting place in their jurisdiction with printed tickets containing both the names of our State ticket and the nominees for the Legislature. These tickets can be procured for a mere song and as the Committee says "experience shows that at each general election many persons, from inadvertence, vote for the local candidates alone, who would, with such tickets provided, vote also for the State ticket. A general compliance with this suggestion we estimate will make a difference of 15,000 or 20,000 votes in our favor."

When we commenced to publish Mr. Barnes' interesting and valuable letters from the old world, we announced that papers reproducing them without credit, would have no further opportunity of doing so as we would immediately strike them from our exchange list. In conformity with that announcement we have "dropped" several and will continue to do so as occasion presents itself. It was a reasonable demand to make and the paper that is too mean to grant it, is much too mean for journalistic favor.

TOM THUMB gave no free exhibitions of himself during life but in death the crowd which ever stands ready to attend a free show, were accommodated. His remains, it is said, were viewed by fully 10,000 people, not half of whom would have gone had the admission been even ten cents.

SMOKERS who expected to pay less for their cigars when the reduction of the tax on cigars went into effect are disappointed. Their smoke after dinner is just as expensive as when the old tax was levied. The reduction of tax from \$6 to \$3 a thousand has only affected the wholesale price.

Mrs. LANCY sailed for England yesterday with \$100,000 of American money, levied from us for a look at beauty, which does not come under the head of "pretty as a pretty doer" judging by the scandalous manner in which she has acted with Freddie Gehard.

The rage for carrying pistols has gone so far in Tennessee that the fiery youth of that State appear to bring their weapons with them when they go into the water to swim. At least a dispatch says that in a quarrel between Elijah Hayes and Ruff McConnell, while in swimming, McConnell drew a pistol and fatally shot Hayes.

The Virginia republicans have made ex-Congressman Desondorf chairman of the State Central Committee, and in convention assembled denounced Arthur for following the beck of Mahone and adopted a resolution declaring for Blaine for president. There is going to be fun in the Old Dominion in the next campaign.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Sam Bulger, the negro rapist will be hung at Mayville, Sept. 4th.

—The residence of Judge John D. Bell, at Lebanon, was burned a few days ago.

—Coal is being sold in Lexington for 93 cents, delivered to consumers, the lowest figure ever reached.

—Mr. H. C. Hensperger, of Jewamine county, has taken 6,000 pounds of honey from his own bees this season.

—The jury in the Polk case for stealing the funds of Tennessee to the amount of \$100,000 will wrestle with its solution to-day.

—Jim Jones stabbed Bill Smith twice at Lexington, dangerously, because he asked the return of the 50 cents he had loaned him.

—The Fourth battalion of the Kentucky State Guard, Maj. M. L. Crum, commanding, is encamped at Camp Proctor Knott, Grayson Springs.

—The 17th annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic is being held this week at Denver. Fully 20,000 old veterans will be present.

—Roland Swain, arrested for stealing a ledger from the State-house at Nashville, stated in court that he did so at the instance of M. T. Polk, from whom he received \$175.

—P. M. General Gresham caught two of his department clerks indulging in osculatory and other spoozy business and immediately discharged them. He was getting \$1,500 per year and she \$1,200.

—The Cincinnati Enquirer has found a young woman in Ohio who has feet 18 inches long, 8 inches wide and 19 inches around the instep. The girl's name is Fannie Mills and she weighs but 109 pounds.

—The signal of the Brotherhood of Telegraphers sent out from New York, directing the strike was, "Clear, Grant dropped dead." On its reception every member of the Brotherhood left his key, and the strike was begun.

—The Kentucky Central has received a new freight locomotive from the works at Schenectady, N. Y. It has eight driving wheels, and is the largest ever brought to this section, weighing fifty-three tons.

—The Kentucky Association at Lexington has leased its course to C. F. Simonds, of the Phoenix Hotel, for a term of 6 years, the consideration being \$10,000. Simonds, by an act of Legislature, already controlled the pooling privileges.

—John L. Heckner, for five years past Supreme Treasurer of the order of Catholic Knights of America, defeated for reelection last May, has sailed for Europe. His accounts are short for variously estimated sums ranging from \$2,000 to \$40,000.

—The Hangman got in a good day's work Friday, at Lexington, Ky. Dan Timberlake was hanged for rape; at Memphis, Tenn., Robert Wilson for murder, and at Canton, O., George McMillan for wife murder; with numerous other points to hear from and Judge Lynch yet to report. Timberlake vowed his innocence with his last lingering breath.

—"Cool Oil Johnny," whose right name was John Williams, the noted bunko stealer and thief, of Cincinnati, has run in his last victim and the unwary will have cause for rejoicing. He was shot dead while sleeping in the arms of a courtesan at Terre Haute by his wife, who had been hunting him for several days.

—There will be laughter over the news from Utah that a Mormon Bishop has been arrested for howling up two of his wives by putting dynamite under their bed. The Bishop has, in any event, given a hint of a new way for abolishing polygamy. Few of the Utah damsels will be anxious to become polygamous wives if they can only do so at the risk of sleeping over dynamite.

—During the fiscal year ending June 30 this nation received from other countries 599,114 immigrants, a decrease of 189,878 over the returns for 1882 and of 70,317 over those for 1881. A part of this decrease—nearly 40,000 of it—must be attributed to the enforcement of the law against Chinese immigration, which has resulted in shutting off nearly the whole number of persons coming from Asia.

—Gen. Morgan's daughter has written to the Secretary of the Morgan Reunion Association in reply to an invitation as follows: "It will give me great pleasure to be present on the occasion of the reunion of the gallant and distinguished men who were led by my dear father and who shared with him the perils of war. His friends are dear to me, and meeting so many of them on this occasion, will be an event in my life filled with indescribable emotions and forever to be remembered."

—The Chesapeake & Ohio's earnings for June were \$326,525 which is \$55,143 more than for the same month last year. Since January 1 the earnings have been \$1,799,539 an increase of 28 1/2 per cent. as compared with the first 6 months of 1882. The company has made arrangements with an English steamship company for direct communication between its eastern terminals at Newport News and Liverpool. The first steamer will sail from the former port September 1. Subsequent sailings will be governed by the amount of freight offered by the company, except that one steamer will sail every month.

LAND, STOCK AND CROP.

—Logan & Ingles' short-horns, 74 in number, aggregated \$9,240.

—Sam Owens sold to W. L. Williams a two-year-old Mambrino gelding for \$750.

—John Bright shipped to H. E. Miller yesterday a car load of hay at \$14 per ton.

—The Lincoln Mills have received 1,000 bushels of wheat for which they paid 95 cents.

—For sale at a bargain, a combined Reaper and Mower (Champion), and other farming utensils. P. W. Logan.

—R. H. & P. Woods, of this county, bought the 7th Duchess of Grant, 4 years old, at Bedford's sale for \$140 and sold to Adam Carpenter, Rosalind 2 1/2 years old, for \$125.

—At the sale of McLahon, three A. & P. well, railroad contractors on the K. C. thirty-three head of work mules sold at prices ranging from \$80 to \$145, and horses brought an average of about \$90.

—J. H. Swope has purchased a great many lambs in the last few days, at from 43 to 45 cents. Weights ran from 63 to 80 lbs. Of J. E. Canon he got 101; of C. W. Spangler 36; John Buchanan 36; John Hill 32; Mat Phillips 61; Thomas Hill 55; Ham Boone 33; T. M. White 40; John S. Bosley 29, and many other lots.

—The Telephone has not struck yet, but manifests a disposition to strike any one who fails to treat it with becoming veneration.

—Our town authorities are taking vigorous measures to clear our streets of impediments and thus make the navigation of our thoroughfares less complicated.

—There is a commendable earnestness on the part of the projectors of the Fair, in their effort to make the enterprise successful. Our people do not permit themselves to be beaten in anything of the kind, and are doing their best on this.

—Dr. Brown was out until a late hour on Saturday night superintending the erection of a commodious pavilion, or pagoda, or panorama, for the accommodation of the West End Hop Club and its expected guests.

—The structure is located in the pleasant little grove in the doctor's beautiful grass lot near his residence. The dancsters are anticipating a lively time. Let no reporter, however, telephonic or otherwise, make any allusion to the "light fantastic," &c. Some of our boys, who stand on a broad base of No. 9 brogue, might consider the thing offensive.

—The corn crop is very promising at present and with a favorable season will be heavy. The wind storm of Monday night, broke a great deal off, but did not materially injure the general yield. Very few of the farmers are threshing their wheat; the majority having stacked in hopes of a better market. The storm alluded to was of the cyclonic order—moving from N. W. to S. E.—its course from Mrs. Alcorn's on the Hanging Fork, to Mr. Alford's, south of Turnersville, is distinctly marked upon the timber. Richard Bibb's house was directly in the line, but escaped serious injury.

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